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HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

In the only paper published in Wolfe County, and circulates largely in the counties of Lawrence, Wolfe, Morgan, Powell, Menifee, Magon, Breathitt, Elliott, Estill, Fleyd, Perry, Pike and Knott, the latter eleven being without a newspaper of any kind. THE HERALD Sentucky, rectisers can reach more people by stissment in its columns than by any teans. Try it, and be convinced.

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H. C. HERNDON, AGEST,

I am tired. Heart and feet Turn from busy mart and street; I am tired—rest is sweet.

TIRED. JOT TANK

I am tired. I have played In the sun and in the shade, I have seen the flowers fade. I am tired. I have had What has made my spirit glad, What has made my spirit sad.

I am tired. Loss and gain! Golden sheaves and scattered grain Day has not been spent in vain. I am tired. Eventide Bids me lay my cares aside, Bids me in my hopes abide.

Let me sleep without a fear, Let me die without a tear. I am tired. I would rest I am tired. Home is best.

A SEA TRAGEDY.

An Awful Story of Mutiny and Murder.

Bloody Affray Between the Brave Captain and Mate of a Brig and a Murderous Crew-His Son Killed-The Captain Executes Two Men.

After a cruise of eighteen months Captain Enstrom of the brig Natal was glad to get around and see his old acquaintances. His friends, who liked which they had read a brief account in the morning papers. Captain Enstrom hands with any one the memory of his squeeze remains. The Captain's face, bronzed by the sun and seamed with deep scars plainly visible through his revenge and for regaining control of the reddish whiskers, looks like that of a ship. man of prompt action and not easily frightened. The impression is constimed by a detailed account of the The shield was clearly useless, but the truggle in his cabin and his subsequent

"I was stretched out on this lounge, the Captain said, illustrating his meaning, "with my face to the wall, and was sound asleep. I was awakened at one o clock in the morning by a blow from the carpenter's broad ax that made a wound of which you can see the scar. reaching from my chin back under my ear. When I looked up, half dazed, I could distinguish the carpenter's face by the light of the lamp burning nearthe compass box, and I saw the ax coming down on my head again. I raised my right arm, and thus broke the force of the blow. The ax handle struck my wrist, and the blade landed on my temple, leaving this mark that leads from my eye back across my ear. These other scars on my cheeks, neck and forehead were made by the carpenter, too, when he cut me with his knife, but he didn't do that right off. The sudden blow of the ax handle on my wrist made the blade fly off, and I had time to sit up on the lounge. The cowardly carenter sat down beside me. I grabbed im around the neck and kept him from tearing at my wounds, which he was trying to make deeper with his hands. When he found he couldn't do it he threw his arms around mine, pinned

them to my side and relled out: "Kill him! Kill him!" "Then, for the first time, I noticed that the steward was standing near the door, holding in his hand a narrow. long-bladed axe used in the galley, patiently awaiting his turn. He struck at me when the carpenter sung out, but he was excited and raised the axe too high. It struck against the ceiling, which you see is very low, and spoiled his blow. I had my right arm free by this time, and as the axe came down I grabbed it and wrenched it away from nim. I was at too close quarters to use it on the carpenter, so I put it under m feet and turned my attention to him. Just as the steward struck at me he had said:

nately the steward was letting us have men. the fight alone. Just as I said this the The Captain and mate went forward, carpenter stuck the knife in my neck. pulled off the hatch, and ordered the copy of Lincoln's Letter Declining It didn't go into the middle, as he men to come up and submit. There wanted it to, but went in under my was no answer. The Captain emptied right ear, here where you see the funny | a revolver at random into the hold and looking scar mixed up with the one repeated the order. This was followed made by the axe. When the kaife went by a whispered conversation. The men a letter of rare interest and high value. through on the other side, I grabbed it | were exhausted b four days' fasting. It is, morever, a letter of peculiar inwith my right hand to keep it in there Beside it was unpleasant to be shot at in terest to the people of our State, being so that he couldn't use it any more. the dark, and they made up their LEXINGTON, : : : KENTUCKE Then he did what only a sneak minds to submit. The Captain orwould do. He scrouged it dered them up one at a time, and the in 1849 declining the offer of the Govround and round, trying to mate stood ready to enforce the order. get in deep enough to cut a big vein. The carpenter was the first to appear. letter herewith It is the twisting around in my neck After all had laid down their knives and that makes that scar look so funny— axes, they were ordered to stand in John Addison, Esq.: it didn't heal smooth. While he was line. The Captain looked at them forcing the kuife inward I forced it sternly, and then taking careful aim friends who have interested themselves in outward. At last I forced it out of with his revolver, shot the carpenter having the Governor-hip of Oregon offered my neck altogether, and got it away the have the have the me, but, on as much reflexion as I have my neck altogether, and got it away through the heart. The man dropped had time to give the subject, I can not con-The table is supplied with the choicest vicame reeling into the room, and blood speechless ter or, while Johanssen was coming out all over him, too. I thanked his stars at the helm. Capt in recommended our friend, Simon Francis, of thought he was dead. Anyhow they lifte his revolver again. This time it pecially for his kindness in the Oregon Insure Your Property left at once, and I was so much out was the seamen Toton's turn, and he matter. Your as ever. up I had to let them go, or else we dropped dead beside the ca penter. The letter is written on a sheet of a strong man; but it's luckier yet that the ship. there was a stronger hand than mine in the room, or else I'd be dead."

> Captain Enstrom is a family man, and go to work. son, a flaxen-haired boy of nineteen, two corpses into the sea, and then top of the right hand corner the words ing practical navigation and acting ence. watch on deck, and before going below shled the wounded officers to take and thanks .- Portland Oregonian

with blood, as though he had been ceed on his voyage with a new crew. struck as he was leaning down toward thrown into the sea.

undertook to dispose of the Captain, ward proved to be the ringleader, took | Sun. charge of the mate Sylvanies, and, revolver in hand, made for the mate's stateroom. Sylvanius was asleep, and it was quite dark in his room; but Toton knew the lay of the land, and, using his best judgment, fired four shots in rapid succession, and then ran out to see how the carpenter was progressing. His judgment in firing proved good. The first ball put out the mate's right eye, the second struck him in the chin, and the other two took effect in his body. . Toton was wrong in thinking Sylvanius was dead. He was alive, and, knowing that more deviltry must be going on outside, he arose, picked up the revolver which Toton had dropped, and ran to the Captain's room. As Toton came in one door Sylvanius came in the other, holding in his hand the revolver with one bullet still in it. It was a surprise to Toton when he found the Captain fighthim always, now looked upon him with | ing and still more a surprise when the a new interest, as the man who had mate appeared opposite him and tried lived through the bloody mutiny of to shoot him with his own pistol. The carpenter, the steward and Teton made for the deck together. When they were out of the cabin the Captain and the is a man whom no one would care to mate locked themselves in, got out the trifle with unless it were absolutely medicine chest and fixed each other's necessary. His shoulders are broad, wounds. Neither understood surgery, his chest deep, and when he shakes and the best they could do was to bathe

> binding the wounds with lint. When this was done both felt easier. and began to cast about for methods of

On the wall over the Captain's bunk were fastened an African leather shield and two assegais, placed crosswise. assegais might do to strike the mutineers. The mate was about to take them down, but just then the Captain | nuther.' recollected something better. He opened his locker and took out a rifle and a brace of revolvers. When they were carefully loaded the two officers Captain's revolvers and the one he had picked up, and the Captain had the rifle and a revolver. If things had not been this thought didn't occur to the mutineers. They stood at the door, armed | of a y pistol with axes and capstan bars, and began the fight at once. But the number of fire-arms demoralized them. They had no time to fight much before a half an' o your prayin'.' dozen bullets fiew around and sent them + scattering forward with the Captain | would not listen to me.

if he would go to work. A little later why had they chosen suc a method he kept his word.

excruciating pain, and even constant I could scare ly stand. I wo dire "Never mind, I'll fix him.' And he mate. On the afternoon of the fourth he report of the pisto's I heard a was trying his best to do it, tugging at day the aptain had made up his mind laugh I quickly turned and sn a ne a sheath knife strapped inside his what to do, and he told the mate about | ro standing near me The ruffiantrousers. He got it out be ore I could it, who agreed with him. Their wounds were gone. I lanced at the clock stop him, and cut me, first of all, here were getting worse, and they might be Five minutes to twelve, in the left cheek, where you see the helpless at any time, in which case Jolong scar. It was a very deep cut. I hanssen would betray them and let out | manded of the negro. could see my teeth through it for sev- the men in the hold, who would pitch ... At dat ole jok dem cowboys eral days. Then he cut me two or them overboard. In any event, should p'aved on yer. Dat ar clock a'n' run three times on the forehead, but, of the fine weather cease, they were not | nin', loss. De gennermen to e me te course, he couldn't get through the capable of managing the ship alone. gin yer dis pistol. Heah it is, er haw, bone. I said to myself: 'You must do They must have help, and that without haw!'"-Arkansaw Traveler. something or you'll be killed.' Fortu- putting themselves at the mercy of their

"Throw those bodies overboard."

he had drawn up a bucket of water to much needed rest, and the vessel soon wash his hands and face. His cap arrived safely at Brisbane. The mate was found near the bucket split al- was taken to a hospital, and when last most in two, probably by a blow heard of, was still there. The Captain, ever as to eat any crow. -Philadelfrom the carpenter's axe. The water thanks to his wonderful constitution, phia Times. in which he was washing was reddened | recovered rapidly, and was able to pro-

He complained bitterly yesterday of with her. She got even with him by the water, and a bloody trail led to the his treatment at Jamaica, where the breaking his heart .- N. Y. Journal. side of the ship, whence his body was authorities seemed most anxious to try free after two months' imprisonment, somewhere eise to be swindled; walk in After the killing of young Enstrom although they confessed their guilt. Tothe mutineers divided up the work that remained to be done. The carpenter ton, they said, was their leader; he understood navigation, and had joined and made the attempt aiready de- the ship at Boston in July, 1883, with scribed. Toton, a seaman, who after the mutiny already planned. - N. Y.

ONLY FIVE MINUTES.

The Time a Man Was Given to Prepare ment Arranged By Frolicsome Cow-

Colonel Will Middleby, who has just returned from the Indian Territory, relates a startling experience. "I had permission to traverse the Territory," said the Colonel, "but I soon found that the white scoundrels who inhabit the country had no regard for it. One day, wet and hungry, I stopped at a sort of public house. A company of rough white men had assembled in the barroom of the house. I at once noticed that I was regarded with disfavor, and was on the eve of quitting the place when one fellow, as rough a man as I ever saw, said:

" 'Cap'n, what's your bus'ness?" " I am out here to look at the coun-

" 'Hain't von looked at it?" " 'Wall, what air you hangin' 'roun

"I have a right to hang around." What right?

"This,' I replied producing my passport an | presenting it to him. " Tain't worth storing room. he said as he coolly proceeded to tear it His companions roared with lughter. I had a p stol, but what co ld I do with a dozen despe ate men? Now,' continued the ruthan who h d destroy d my passpo t, 'we understand'

"'I am not a detective.' "Do you mean to say that I am a

"Tha 's what he does Jack! shoutsallied forth. The mate had one of the e one of his companions. In a moment I was surrounded Every man

had drawn his pistol. " I ought to kill you right here serious, they might have been taken for | said the ruffian ad | essed as Jack. 'I a couple of Robinson Crusoes. But oughten't t let you live another minit. Some one a vanced and elieved me

> said Jack. 'We'll just give you five m nits to live. Stand right thar, now, to-day? Mr. Jones (who recollects "In vain 1 pleaded.

" Now I'll tell you what we'll do.

and mate in pursuit. The forward "'It's jes' five minutes to twelve," hatch was open and Toton, Refus, an- said Jack. 'Look up that at the clock steward jumped down in wild haste. o'clock comes, you are gone; an' if you They liked to fight with sleeping .. en | take your eyes offen it in the meantime

you are gone anyhow. One of the seamen did not succeed in | "I gazed at the clock and began to getting out of sight. Johanssen was mumble a prayer. Oh, how precious a the unlucky one, and he looked much | single moment of time can be. I thought dispirited as he tried to make himsel! of my home, of my wife and children, small behind the capstan. He had a The desperate men stepped behind me. capstan bar in his hand, but it didn't I could hear their suppressed breathing. look very formidable when the mate. I could hear the beating of my own with his two revolvers, and the Cap- heart. Five minutes to live. It had altain, with his rifle all ready, came at | ready seemed an age. Would the time him from different directions. That was never come? Cold perspiration rolled too much, and Johanssen expressed a down my tace and almost blinded wish to yield. The Captain's first in my eyes. I could but indis stinct was to shoot every one engaged | tinctly see the face of the clock, but in so cowardly an attack, but Johans- I knew that only a minute more sen's part of the mutiny had been quiet, was left me. That the wretcheand the Captain told him he might live | would klll m , I had not a doubt, our the Captain discovered the murder of Then I remember d an article I had his son, and regretted his clemency, but once read, descrit ve of the delight fol by such men in seeing a victim suffer For four days the Captain and mate | Death, of itself, was not sufficient bunworked the vessel, with Johanssen at ish ent. The time bust hive nea h the wheel. Their wounds caused them ex i ed. My kness were so weak that then, can adore. He wanted someablutions with salt water could not ward how I'd feel when the juliets should off the aggravating effect of a hot cli- strike me. I wondered if I could hea ... What are y u laughing at? I de

AN INTERESTING RELIC.

Governorship of Oregon Through the favor of Mr. Wallis Nash, of Corvallis, we have been shown a letter written by Abraham Lincoln

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., September 27, 1849. can not but be grateful to you and all other

ernorship of Oregon. We print the

suppose the carpenter and the steward Enstrom waited a moment, and then the Journal. Please present my respects to G. T. M. Davis generally, and my thanks es-

might have killed them in there with The last two, who had been the tools o old-fashioned blue letter paper; it is the kitchen ax that I had under my the dead m n, were nearly dead with folded in the style common to that feet. Yes, certainly, it's lucky I was fright, but they were needed to work time, so as to be sent without an envelope, and was sealed with the usual red wafer. It was addressed thus: the Captain said, "get something to eat, "John Addison, Esq., Washington, D. C." It bears the post-mark of "Springfather of seven children, and the eldest | They gladly obeyed, and heaved the field, Ill., Sept mber 28th." and at the was on board with his father tudy- united with Johanssen in faithful obedi- "Free. A Lincoln, M. C." The letter hand and shook it nearly off. is now the property of Colonel G. T. as second mate of the vessel. He A few days later the Captain fell in M. Davis, of New York, the person howling glad. I've got another girl seems to have been the first one at- with a Norwegian bark, whose Captain named in it, to whom Mr. Lincoln de- now, and there would have been the tacked by the mutineers. It was his lent him two men. Their presence en- sired Mr. Addison to tender his respects deuca to pay. Come and have a cigar "

PITH AND POINT.

-The man who keeps his mouth shut

-An I linois girl had her wrist broken by a young minister who shook hands | And harry to the parlor stove to thaw their -The merchant who hangs out in

him, and allowed the mutineers to go front of his store the sign: "Don't go When the cans of milk are frozen that are here," is honest, to say the least .- Lowell Times.

> there is in the sensation when y u get a let er enclosing a ten-dollar bill and wh n you get one enclosing a bill for ten doll rs. -An exchange has an article headed

"Boys and Contagion." What the

small boy can t catch isn't worth catchfor Death-An Innocent Little Amuse. i g. only he doesn't always catch w at he deserves -St. Alba s (VI.) sessen--In t lling what mothers should do, an excha ge says: "Allow the children, they grow older, to have opinions of their own." Wonder what kind of chil-

dren this writer has had to do with?-Boston Transcript. We are not surprised. A man's shirt outtons are almost never where they ought to be. - Puck.

-- A poet writes: "I send you my poem beautifully. - N. Y. Tribune.

- Wonder where Splashpen gets the course." . "That accounts for it! He | dead. used three words in ten lines, the other | Some people may think I speak a little they weren't there. Probably, as you suggest, Splashpen had taken them .-Boston Post.

-"Look here. I wish you would explain how this got into one of your cigars?" said a man, rushing into a tobacco store and holding up a little you pretty well. You are detective, strip of calico. The manufacturer an' hain't come here after no good, eved it with disgust, and exclaimed: "It's those new girls again. They don't seem to know the difference between a Mother Hubbard and a Connecticut wrapper!" - Chicago Tribune.

-His lost love. by thy charms I crave a place Midst rivals 2 thy winsome grace; and 3-ling 'ventures will I dare. I love of thee, yet ne'er despair, If 5 no chance thy love to win, Abroad I'll 5 some other scheme, For me no more this earth is 7

Nor sin till 8 thy smiles—forgiven,
Let peace be 9 betwixt us dwell:

I'll 6 thee no more—farswell!

-Mrs. Jones (newly married)-How did you like that pie we had for linner his childhood)-It was rather good, but not such a pie as my mother used to bake. Why don't you call over and get her recipe? Did you bake it? Mrs. Jones-No. Mr. Jones-Ah! Who -N. Y. Sun.

HOWLING GLAD.

How a San Franciscan Won the Eternal Triendship of an Acquaintance. Love is a good deal like the car cable. It is endless, and "goes on all the time, but it doesn't matter a cent what car it is drawing. You've always got to pay fare, too, but whatever you put into the box is gone. There was a man in Oakland who had a sweetheart. I suppose there are several men in Oakland who have sweethearts, several who have the Blood up and so was I. The Mercury same sweetheart, several who ave several sweethearts. But this man had one sweetheart whom he adored, as only where I had left my wagon. In trying a man who finds it hard to get a sweet- to turn them the rope slipped off, and heart, and does not feel sure of her thing precious to keep for her sake. So he got permission of the Central Pacific Railroad and came over to San Francisco one afternoon. A friend of his was going on to Dresden and a happy thought struck the fond lover. "I want you to do something delicate for me," he said to his friend. "Wha is it?"

He took out of his pocket a photograph and a lock of hair.

"Look at this. Isn't it lovely?" Well, she was about forty-live, broadof hair was red. 1 am describing a woman who could not by any possibility exist in Oakland. I do not want to offend that ity I may want to live there some day.

"Y-e-e-s. She's good looking." "When you go to Dresden I want you to have a painting of her made on porcelain, a daisy. I don't care what it

"All right, old man, I'll do it." "Take care of it, won't you?-the ock of hair. I mean." "Certainly. Do you want to insure

The friend went to Europe and came back. In Dresden he had made inquiries, and found what was required would cost tifty dollars. He made up his mind that anybody who wanted that girl painted and was willing to pay fifty dollars for it was an idiot. So he came back without the porcelain. He had been back some time, when he met the Oakland man on the street. Strangely enough the Oakland man avoided him. but he was cornered.

"Hullo! Got back? How did you en joy yourself?" Not a wo d about the commission. At last the Frisco man spoke up. "By the way, I priced those porcelain paintings in Dresden, and I thought you

one, so I-" The Oakland man gave a jump of

A BOSTON LYRIC.

When the winter morn is breaking over land scapes white with snow And the cold has sent the mercury down to ten or twelve below; When the boarders, shivering, rise and quickly don their clothes

freezing toes:

When people who must be at work by seven o clock or so With gloved bands shield their ears as through the lov streets they go: standing at the door, And everybody says it never was so cold be-

Then the fair and gentle malden from her slumber sound awakes, - It is remarkable what a difference | But no attempt to leave the couch-so snug and warm-she makes. feels she's not quite rested. All day yesterday she shopped, And skated at the rink last night until she

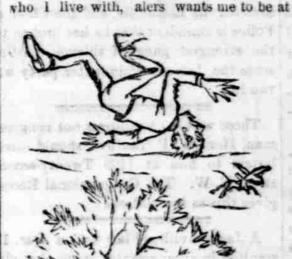
nearly dropped.
"I'll take another nap," she says, the beauti ful young lady. "And meantime ma will light the fire and get the breakfast ready."

-Boston Courier. THE PATIENT OX.

Sammy Tucker's" Experience with a Yoke of Steers-A Log-Hauling Expedition Which Speaks for Itself-Fun in the

I have never before written an article for publication, but will attempt to give my experience as briefly as possible. I have -A Tennessee negro who di d of lived on a farm all my life and have reseral debility was turned over to the worked all sorts of horses and mules, but loctors, and a post-mortem revealed a not long ago I tried a yoke of cattle. Yes, score of shirt buttons in his stomach. I just tried them one day, and if I know myself I will never try it again. A mule can kick the life out of a fellow in three seconds, and a bronco can buck you higher than a treetop and be half a mile from the poem, but I fear I made a mistake in spot when you come down; but that is a not writing a refrain to it." Never quick, easy death beside being killed by mind, we shall do the refraining for degrees. When a mule or bronco takes a lately cleared by some scamp, who had cut yo. The way in which we shall re- notion to slay his victim he does it outfrain from printing it will finish the right. But the ox will drag you through the thick brush all day by one leg, or knock you down and drag a sixteen-foot saw-log across both legs, and then stand big words he uses so plentifully in his there three days and nights without food writings." "Out of the dictionary, of and water, until he is sure his victim is

day, of which I did not know the hard of those faithful, obedient animals, as meaning. I went to the dictionary, but | they are sometimes called, but I speak from story as one of the narrowest risks of my experience. Oh, how I hate them! But I will now try to explain to you how I ever this story is that the cattle has never been attempted to work a yoke of oxen. You see Uncle Bill Loveheart, that is



THE EXPEDITIOUS MULE.

work at something, he says idol hands finds

mischief. So the other morning he gave me

my choice to cut out fence corners, or haul logs for the old man white, of corse I chose the latter as it would be much easyer work handling logs with a yoke of slow, lazy catother seaman, the carpenter, and the an' count your time an' when twelve did then? Mrs. Jones (triumphantly) the than cutting out fence corners with a -Your mother baked it and sent it big old dull heavy brush cythe while the over. She thought you would like it. mercury was one hundred degrees above zero. Old Bob White gave me a Big yoke of red cattle to work, and I don't believe they was ever yoked up Before, or at any rate they didn't act like it. The timber from which I was to haul the legs was situated about half a mile from the saw mill and it took me a good three hours to drive from the mill to the timber. I got their at last though, and finding a nice open spot I left my wagon and proceeded to snake the logs out of the braish with the cattle. I found a small cotton wood log and after some lively whipping I managed to get close enough to tie one end of a large rope around the little end of the log. I had no chain and I was compelled to tie the rope in a running noose. By this time the cattle was getting their stood at a hundred and I stood at one hundred and fifty. I started them up and they went of the opposite direction from forgetting myself, I grabbed at the rope, and in so doing I steped my foot right in the running noose. I had on a pair of stiff, stogy Boots and the rope drew so tight around my ancle that it almost stopped the Blood from circulating. I was thrown flat on my Back quicker than one could count three, and away they went over logs, Brush, stumps and some of the wourst Briers that ever disgraced a civilized country. I made bien street the other day crying "fire' several attempts to grab the rope, but without success. The great goodness thought I. how will I ever get loose, will the tarnell old fools take me back to the mill, or will they just ramble around over the woods all day. I looked up to see what direction they were traveling in, and I saw to my horror and dismay that they were traveling signs of one. faced, with a chunky nose and the faint in a westerly direction, while the saw mill est sensation of a cross-eye. The lock was south. Yes, they were going West,

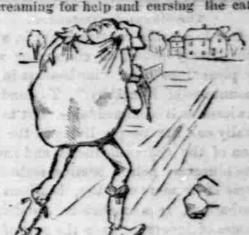


how far West they were going to go I didn't know, nor but little did I care if I could

would certingly in the corse of five or six Well, sir, I never saw corn grow like that weeks reach Utah; but who wanted to be did. It seemed to fairly jump along, and I dragged for six weeks by one leg." A large never knew anything to yield like it before treetop was soon reached and the cattle was or since. Every stalk had five big ears on comepelled to change their course. They it, and there was three good sized nubbins now chose a northern direction, and went on the stake, and it wasn't a very good off just as fast as their old stiff season for corn either."-Chiergo Ledgawould not care to pay lifty dollars for legs would carry them. As I have heretofore stated that the weather was encounty warm and perhaps the "I think," said Colonel Fizzletop, "that loy. He seized on the Frisco man's cattle had taken a fool notion to visit Johnny is getting to be too triffing for any hand and shook it nearly off. "I'm so howling glad you didn't -- so ada and spend a few weeks of the hot thing. He is the laziest boy in Austin." weather just as people sometimes do, but "That may be, but he gets up at six whatever induced them to want to take me o'c'ock in the machine, I notice," replicit along? By this time my clothes was about Mrs. Fizzletop. all gone, and my hide and flesh was begin- "O, he does that so he can have more ning to disappear with them. Every bush I time to loaf."-Texas Siftings.

pass it would throw i's twigs around and hold on just as if I was one of its from some and it wanted to save me The rose brite and the which awaited me. The rose brite and thorny red haw would strike me in the catch me by the back of the head and hold on as if trying to tear me loose at all hazard, and when compelled to let go it would be out a lock of my hair to remember me to lonly wish I could describe to you the conty of those dreadful moments, which seemed to me like long hours. Bryant sais in

deavor to speak or write without sand supply of words is as absurd as to endeas to till the earth without the necessar implements, or to build a house without sufficient material. But words can never describe my feelings. All this time I was screaming for help and cursing the cattle.



I raised my head and looked to see where we were going. The cattle was just reaching an opening in the woods, the opening proved to be a clearing made by some one, and I now began to think how much easyer it would be dragging over eleared ground than through the thick Brush. But I soon found out different. The ground had been every stub about three inches high. I had not went more than half way across the clearing when some one yelled out: "Hear, what is the matter over their?" and the next instant an old man came running across the woods making the brush erack. After releazing my foot the old man fied my bleeding remains up in an old tablecloth and carried me to his h medical aid was summoned. I relate this life. But the most singular thing about seen since, and now old Bob white wants me to work for him one year to pay for the stears. You see when that old man released my foot from the hantle he just left the cattle go where they pleased. I told the old man white where I thought they were going .- "Sammy Tucker," in Peck's

HE FIXED HIM.

How a Shrewd Husband Removed a Tramp from His Premises.

"Who's that at the kitchen door?" asked Mr. Jollikin of his young wife, last Sunday.

just after breakfast. "It's a tramp, and I'm bothered to death with them," she replied, as she got up to go after the visitor. "Wait a minute, my dear," said her hus-

band, "I'll fix him so he wen't trouble "That's a darling husband," she said, lovingly. "You are aiways ready to help me and to say pleasant things to me." He kissed her and went out and in five minutes he returned. "Well," queried his wife, "did you fix

"Yes; I gave him something to eat." "Why, you shouldn't have done that. He'll be sure to come right back and worry me more than ever," she said, petulantly, "Oh, no he won't, love. I gave him a pocketful of those biscuits you made for breakfast." - Merchant Traveler.



As exemplified by the latter-day wile and his shadow. - Sam.

THE NEXT THING TO IT.

It Wasn't Fire or Murder, but a Catastrophe Equally as Great. A woman ran out of a house on Beauas loud as she could yell. A pedestrian who was passing by sprang up the steps and into the hall, and, being unable to see or smell smoke, he turned to the gasping and excited woman and asked:

"Where is the fire? I can't see any " I-I didn't mean fire! I-I means murder!" she replied.

"Is there a man in the house?" " No. sir." "Who tried to murder you?" "Oh, I didn't mean murder, I guess but the awfulest, biggest rat you ever sot eves on chased our cat across the kitchen and then stood and g-lared at me like a tiger thirsting for blood! Oh! sir, you'd better turn in a fire alarm and let 'em kick in all the doors and break in all the windows and flood the house. The rat must be killed before be commits some ter

rible deed "- Detroit Free Press. A 'Change Yarn. " Talk about your Kansas corn," said a short-necked buil-dozer on 'Change the other day; it's nothing to some my father raised one time when I was a little boy.

That was corn, and no mistake about it." "Tell us about it," said a man with s sandy goatee, to whom the remark had apparently been addressed. "Where the old man got the seed, ! don't just know, but I remember he only had a few grains of it; enough for a hill a two. He planted it in the garden, and only get loose. From the direction that drove a stake in the ground alongside of the they were now going if not molested they hill, so he would know where to look for it.